

The One Left Behind

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The One Left Behind: A Rokou Chou story ^_^
> By Korin Chou

Author's Note: Come see my webpage, dedicated to Nuirko and his family. This is my first fanfic series involving characters from Fushigi Yugi. So Please be kind when sending out letters in response to this story.

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This story takes place after Nuriko's death in Eps 33 of the tv series, and before Eps. 3 of the Second OAV Series of Fushigi Yugi, where Nuriko's ghost and Rokou talked out their past with each other.

A lone figure was hunched over on the ground picking flowers on a hill that overlooked the city of Kunon, when he stands up with his arms filled with flowers. Behind him stood 2 graves. The figure moved toward the graves and places the flowers on each one, then knelt before them in silent prayer.

Engraved on each tombstone were names Korin, the other Ryuen.

"Ryuen, Korin. How I've missed you both over the years, since you both left us. I so wish that things could have happened differently in our lives." Rokou said silently, as tears began to roll down his

eyes.

"I remembred the days both of you were born. I was only 5 years old when you were born Ryuen, and I was extremely jealous over all the attention you received from Okasaan, and Ojisan. But then I got used to having you around. I always knew that there was something special. Something unusual about you Ryuen, that made you different than the rest. Then your Seishi sign appeared one day, and everything changed." he turned towards Korin's grave.

"Korin." he said with a chuckle. "Even though you were born a year later, you could have Ryuen's twin for anyone who didn't really know the two of you." he said with a sigh "You never lived long enough to reach adult-hood. Sometimes I try and imagine what you may have looked like if you had lived past 9 years."

"But then I think of Ryuen, and how he had impersonated you after your death, and I found that I could truly see you in him, because of the physical similarities between you both in our youth, that I could almost forget that he was really Ryuen, and not you." he said as a sob broke free from deep within him, as he turned back to Ryuen.

"Though I was the eldest of us three, you were the one who was always strong. You protected me and Korin from harm, and from bullies, when I should have been the one to do the protecting for all of us. I was always so weak both physically and spiritually, that I couldn't even stand up for myself, without you coming to my defense, Ryuen."

"You guys always left me behind to go have fun by yourselves, while I was left to learn our family trade and help out in our shop, just because I was firstborn."

"I never felt such anguish the day when those people came rushing into the shop, yelling that there had been an accident in the city square. I remember how I rushed out of there, with Ojisan yelling at me to stop, but I didn't stop until I reached the square, and found you holding Korin's crushed body in your arms, crying and screaming her name. Begging her to be okay. To wake up, and stop pretending to be asleep."

"I begged Ojisan and Otousan to bury you here, Korin. Since it was your favorite spot to come to with Ryuen and me. I believed then that you would be happy here even in death to be buried where you were most happy."

Rokou sat down for a moment staring at the two graves, letting the wind blow against his body, more tears poured down his face as he remembered more of the past. "None of us truly understood the depth of what your death meant to Ryuen, not even me, because I was also in so much pain over your death. Until the day he came down dressed in your clothes, and saying that he was you now."

"I remember the fights that Ojisan, and Otousan had with you, Ryuen. Demanding that you stop your foolishness and become normal again. But you refused. It got so bad that you finally left us and moved out." Rokou said. "I should have understood you more, but I couldn't do it. Instead I turned you away the way our parents had done after you had left home. You were all I had left, Ryuen. The only person who I loved more than anything else, now that Korin was gone. And I turned

away from you..."

"I was proud of what you had become, when the Suzako No Miko arrived. I remember the last time I saw you. 7 months ago, when you rode out of the palace with the Emperor, the Miko, and Tomahome. Then I saw you once more at the Star Watching festival, the week that you left for the one adventure where you would never come back from alive."

"I should have talked to you then, Ryuen. When I had the chance. But I couldn't. I just couldn't forget the past. So I avoided any chance of you seeing me there. But I never thought that I would never see you again in this lifetime."

"They told us, that you died protecting your Miko. That a monster who was a Seiyru Seishi named Ashitare had killed you. But you killed him, and removed a huge boulder that was blocking a door that your friends needed to get through."

"Why couldn't you have hold on, Ryuen?! Why couldn't you have wait for the healer known as Mitsuke to arrive to heal your wounds, so that you would be fine and come back home to Kunon with them?! You could have come home. You had to die just as I was ready to make amends. To talk you into coming home. I just wish that you could see the family I've started. I wanted my children to get to know their uncle. But now..."

"You guys left me behind again. And I'll never see either of you again in this lifetime..."

"I couldn't even bury your body here, Ryuen. They left his body on a moutaintop covered in snow. They left you buried and alone in the land where you were murdered by that monster, miles from the land of your birth. So I made this grave for you next to Korin's, even though yours is empty. All I have left of you now is your crystal ball that you loved so much when you were young."

"Woe ai ni, Korin, Ryuen. I hope that you have both found peace where ever you both are now. And that your together now and happy."

"Good-bye..." Rokou said as he stood up, and began the long trek back to Kunon.

THE END

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file.